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The Weston Democrat.

IT'S THE TRUTH THAT HURTS.

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Dead!

Dead! That is the word
That rings through my brain till it crazes!
Dead, while the May flowers bud and blow,
While the green creeps over the white of the snow,
While the wildwoods ring with the song of the bird,
And the fields are a-bloom with daisies.

See! Even the old
Thrills with life's glad passion shaken;
The vagabond weeds, with their vagrant train,
Laugh in the sun and weep in the rain,
The blue sky smiles like the eye of God—
Only my dead do not waken.

Dead! There is the word
That I sit in the darkness and ponder!
Why should the river, the sky, and the sea
Babble of summer and joy to me,
While a strong true heart, with its pulse unstirred,
Lies hushed in the silence yonder?

Lord! Lord! how long
Ere we rise to Thy heights supernal?
Ere the soul may read what Thy spirit saith:
"Life that must fade is not life, but death.
Lift up thine eyes, O soul! Be strong!
For death is the life eternal!"

MA'S OLD BEAU.

The recent revelations concerning deed forgeries at a criminal trial at Chicago, have reminded me of an incident that occurred a few years ago, in the vicinity of St. Louis, which seems to me to be worth relating.

Clara and Mary Merwin, sisters and orphans, were in the sitting-room of their pleasant home on the edge of a village near the Missouri. Their mother had been dead several years; their father had lately died, leaving them an estate, as they supposed, of the value of some forty thousand dollars, but they had learned quite recently that the property was encumbered to such an extent that they were likely to be deprived of it all. This discovery, as may be supposed, filled them with sadness and anxiety, and they were seated in silence, unable to read, to converse, to work, to do anything but brood over their great misfortune.

While they were thus occupied with somber thoughts, a buggy drove up in front of the house, a man alighted, and the buggy drove away.

The man must have been a little on the shady side of fifty, to judge from his gray hairs, although his face was fresh and unwrinkled. He was dressed with remarkable neatness, and his manner indicated briskness as well as precision. In one hand he carried a small valise, and in the other an umbrella, and he stepped quickly to the door and rang the bell. In a few minutes he was ushered into the presence of the young ladies.

"I'm obliged to introduce myself," he said, smiling and bowing in a courtly manner—"Abner Pierce. Here is my card—professional card. You will perceive that I am a lawyer in St. Louis, and presumably a respectable man. Don't be afraid; I am not here to hurt you, but to help you. I have the honor to call myself a friend of your family—that is to say, although it is many years since I have seen any member of said family. I always had the highest possible regard for your now sainted mother, and nothing would please me better than to be of some service to her children."

"We are happy to meet you," murmured Clara.

"Thank you. I happened to hear—no matter how—that you are in trouble, and have come up here in the belief that I can assist you. I hope you will feel that you can trust me. I am actually an honest man, although a lawyer, and I mean well, although I may express myself clumsily."

"I am free to admit," said Clara, "that we need assistance and advice, and that we have not known to whom to look for it."

"Very well. It is a good thing, no doubt, that I have come. Now, sit down and tell me all about it."

Clara Merwin, who was the elder of the orphans, and the leader in everything, told how she and her sister had taken out letters of administration upon their father's estate, when a man of whom they had never before heard put in an appearance, and pressed a mortgage, with bond included, executed by the late Mr. Merwin, upon all his real estate, for the sum of forty thousand dollars. Not content with prohibiting them from attempting to sell anything, he had tied up their money in bank, leaving them absolutely penniless. They had used their credit, but tradesmen were becoming impatient, and some had refused to supply them any further without pay.

"That is a bad case," said Mr. Pierce. "You need money—that is the first thing to be attended to. You must let me act as your banker until I get you out of this scrape, and that won't be long, I hope. How much do you owe?"

"More than one hundred dollars," answered Clara.

The old gentleman counted out two hundred dollars from a well-filled pocket-book, and handed it to her.

"For your mother's sake," he said, when she refused to receive it, and he forced it upon her in such a way that she could not help taking it. He then accepted the young ladies' invitation to make their house his home during his stay, and went into dinner with them.

"Is there any place where I can smoke?" he asked, when they had returned to the sitting-room.

"You can smoke here," said the impulsive Mary. "Pa always smoked here, and we are used to it."

So he took a meerschaum and some tobacco from his valise, and was soon puffing away with an air of great contentment.

"I can think better when I smoke," he said. "Did you have any legal advice in the matter of that mortgage, Miss Merwin?"

"Yes, sir," replied Clara. "Our lawyer said that it was a plain case against us, although it was strange that we had never heard of the mortgage before."

"Very strange. What is the name of the man who holds it?"

"Alexander Campbell."

"Hum. A good name, but a bad man, I am afraid. When and where can I see him?"

"He will be here this afternoon," answered Clara. "He proposes if we will make him a deed of the real estate, to give us the bond and mortgage, leaving our money in the bank and the rest of the personal property."

"Very liberal. Introduce me to him, when he comes, as an old friend of the family, and not as a lawyer."

Mr. Alexander Campbell called in the course of the afternoon, and was made acquainted with Abner Pierce, at whom he looked suspiciously; *but his eyes* fell when he met the old gentleman's intent and piercing gaze. Mr. Pierce glanced but slightly at the deed that was offered for consideration of the ladies, being occupied in studying the countenance of the man in whose favor it was drawn.

"I can't decide upon it just now," he said, at last. "As a friend of these young ladies—standing, as I may say, *in loco parentis*—I must make a few inquiries concerning the value of this property. Suppose you come after supper, Mr. Campbell, and suppose you bring that mortgage with you. I have no doubt it is all correct, but I would like to see it."

Mr. Campbell assented to this and withdrew. Abner Pierce filled his pipe with nervous haste but also with tobacco, and Mary brought him a light.

"I know that you have some good news for us," she said, "I can see it in your face."

"Not bad, my child. I hope and trust that it is very good. A good name, but a bad man, I said and that is true. I think I see my way out of this difficulty, and the money that I lent you is safe. But you must not interfere with me, young ladies, or be surprised at anything I may say or do, or object to it. You must trust me, and let me work in my own way."

After supper, when Abner Pierce had enjoyed another comfortable smoke, and had conversed with the girls concerning their mother as he had known her in her youth—a subject upon which he grew quite eloquent—Alexander Campbell came in, bringing the deed and mortgage, both of which he handed to Mr. Pierce for examination.

"I have made inquiries concerning the property," said the old gentleman, "and am satisfied that it is not worth more than the amount of the mortgage, and would probably bring much less if sold at foreclosure. Your offer is a liberal one; but I must first look at the mortgage. This appears to be correct," he continued, when he had examined the instrument. "It is properly acknowledged, and the signature is undoubtedly that of Philip Merwin. I suppose the young ladies will have to go to the country seat to execute the deed."

The girls countenances fell at this sudden surrender on the part of their champion.

"This reminds me," said the old lawyer, picking up the mortgage again, "of an occurrence that fell under my observation in Tennessee. Not that the two cases are alike, as the Tennessee case was undoubtedly a fraudulent affair; but there was a similarity in the circumstances. Don't look so downhearted, young ladies. What will be must be, and it is useless to cry about what can't be helped. As I was about to say, a man died in Tennessee, leaving a widow and one daughter. The widow was about to administer upon his estate, when a man who was unknown came forward, and presented a mortgage similar to this, and for exactly the same amount. It was examined by lawyers who were familiar with the signature of the deceased, and pronounced correct. Although there was something strange about the affair, they could find no flaw in the instrument. It was particularly puzzling to one of them, who thought that he had transacted all the law business of the deceased. He got hold of the mortgage and brought it to me when I was in Nashville. I happened to have in my possession a very powerful magnifying-glass that had been presented to me—the most powerful single lens I have ever seen. With this I examined the mortgage, and soon discovered that 'forty' had been raised from 'four.' There was no mistake about it. I could easily see the marks of chemical erasure, and the difference in pen and ink, between the 'raised' and the rest of the instrument. How the rascal got into the register's office, I don't know; but the record there had been altered in the same manner. He ran away, and it was not considered worth while to follow him. Strange circumstance, wasn't it, Mr. Campbell?"

Mr. Campbell was fidgeting uneasily in his chair, and made no reply.

"Here is the glass," continued the old gentleman, taking it from his pocket, "and you can see for yourself how well it magnifies. Now, as I look as this 'forty'—why, bless me, the same signs are visible that I saw in my Tennessee mortgage! I think you will be obliged to drop this, Mr. Campbell. My Tennessee man's name was Alexander Bell, and he has added a Camp to it since he came to Missouri."

Campbell, his face red as flame, reached out his hand for the document.

"I believe I will keep this, Mr. Campbell, for fear of accidents. What, do you think you could take it by force? Here is something that shoots five times. Going, are you? Very well, I don't think you will be molested, if you will leave this part of the country and never return to it. It is barely possible that the estate of Phillip Merwin may really owe you four thousand dollars. If so, I advise you not to try to collect the debt, as such an attempt would land you in the penitentiary. Good-night, Mr. Campbell, and farewell."

"What is it? What does this mean!" asked Clara, as Mr. Pierce, rubbing his hands and smilling, bustled about to fill his pipe.

"Are you so dull, my child? Why, the fellow is a swindler, and has been found out. I guessed as much when I first heard of the affair, and was sure of it when you told me his name. You will soon be able to pay me my $200, and then we will straighten up matters. Thank you, Mary, you are very kind to give me a light."

"Don't you mean to punish him!" asked Mary.

"It would hardly pay. We could put him in the penitentiary, but you might lose four thousand dollars by the job. By trying for forty thousand, he has lost the four that may have been justly his due. He will be far from here by morning. I have no doubt, and good riddance to him. Ah! this is comfortable. I know that I feel better, and I hope that you do."

The girls were sure that a great weight had been lifted from their minds and hearts. Alexander Campbell, alias Bell, decamped, and Abner Pierce stayed a week with the orphans, during which time he arranged all their affairs satisfactorily, and won their lasting gratitude and love.

"How can we ever thank you for all you have done for us?" said Clara, when he was about to leave.

"It was for your mother's sake, my child. And for her sake, if I can ever help you, all I have is at your service."

Abner Pierce has made visits to the orphans frequently since the event above narrated, and they have always had a cordial welcome for "ma's old beau."

William Penn's Speech.

The coming great centennial in Father Penn's State brings pleasantly to mind that wonderful old Quaker peacemaker and peacekeeper. His speech of covenant to the red men, under the great elm tree in Kensington (Indian Shackamacon) will long be remembered. He said:

"We meet on the broad pathway of faith and good will. No advantage shall be taken on either side, but all shall be openness and love. I will not call you children, for parents sometimes chide their children too severely; nor brothers only, for brothers differ; the friendship between thee and me I will not compare to a chain, for that the rains may rust or the falling tree may break; we are the same, as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts; we are all one flesh and blood."

This speech of Penn's, and conduct corresponding thereto, were the reasons why perfect peace prevailed between the Indians and Penn's colony, while every ten miles of New England soil was the scene of an Indian massacre. On one occasion only did the Indians manifest any displeasure at the conduct of William Penn or any of his associates. This was when Penn made his second purchase of land from the Indians. The contract was that, for a certain number of knives, beads, handkerchiefs, etc., he was to have as much land as a white man could walk around in a day. By the advice of Penn's associates they engaged an Englishman, accustomed to traveling, who walked nearly as fast as a horse could trot. When Penn came to settle with them, the Indians were cross and sullen. Penn inquired the reason; and asked them if it was not their own bargain, and why they were displeased. They said: "Yes, it was their own bargain, but the white brother took too big a walk. They never knew a man make such a walk before."

Some of Penn's associates said the Indians should be made to stand by their bargain, but Penn said that would invoke the spirit of war. He then asked them how many more beads and blankets he should give them to make them satisfied. They stated the number, and he immediately complied with their request. When the Indians received them, they departed perfectly satisfied. Penn then said to his associates: "How easy a thing it is to have peace!"

A Sierra Wedding.

An incident of a story by Joaquin Miller is a marriage ceremony as performed by a Sierra judge between a miner and the only woman in camp. It occurred in a barroom that was crowded with miners. The judge had sent to San Francisco for a form of the service, but it had not arrived, and his consequent embarrassment was so great as to endanger his reputation as the greatest man in the diggings. "Do you solemnly swear," he began, with a mighty effort after an awkward pause of hesitation. He held up his hand as he said this, and laboriously added: "To love, and honor, and obey!" It was very painful. The little man took down his lifted flagstaff to wipe his little bald head; and he could not get it up again, but stood there still and helpless. You could hear the men breathe as they leaned and listened with all their might to hear. At last the judge revived, and began again, in a voice that was full of desperation: "Do you solemnly swear to love and protect, and honor and obey till death do you part; and"— Here the voice fell down low, lower, and the judge was again floundering in the water. Then his head went under utterly. Then he rose, and "Now I lay me down to sleep," rolled tremulously through the silent room from the lips of the judge. Then again the head was under water; then it rose up again, and there was something like "Twinkle, twinkle, little star." Then the voice died again; the head was under water. Then it rose again, and the head went up high in the air, and the voice was loud and resolute, and the man rose on his tip-toes, and beginning with "When in the course of human events," he went on in a deep and splendid tone with the Declaration of Independence to the very teeth of tyrannical King George, and then, bringing his hand down emphatically on the gambling table that stood to his right, said, loud and clear and resolute and authoritively, as he tilted forward on his toes: "So help you God, and I pronounce you man and wife."

ALL SERENE.—In Columbus, Ohio, Harry Palmer was whipped by the brother of Hannah Petillool, to whom he was betrothed. By way of revenge, Harry took another girl to a ball, and then, also by way of revenge, Hannah went to his place of business next day and shot him. The wound was in his side, and not very dangerous, although it kept him abed for several days. He sent for Hannah while thus prostrated, and they made up their quarrel. A clergyman was called in, and they were married, the groom lying on the bed and the bride standing bedside it. The Cincinnati *Enquirer*, which tells the story, adds that the bride then took her place as nurse, and at a late hour was fanning the groom, who was doing as well as could be expected. She is a beautiful girl, and both parties are highly connected.

"THE VEILED MURDERESS."

The Mysterious Surroundings of a Mysterious Woman.

The New York correspondence of the Chicago *Tribune* says: Adjoining the Auburn prison is a large stone structure, erected by the State of New York, for insane criminals. Every newspaper reader is familiar more or less with the history of Henrietta Robinson, "the veiled murderess," from Troy. This woman, Henrietta Robinson, during her somewhat mysterious existence, both before and after her conviction, has been the object of not a little sympathy. She is at present an inmate of the State asylum for insane criminals. She was convicted in 1854 of poisoning a saloon keeper residing near her in Troy, by administering poisoned beer. No provocation was shown, but it was proved that she not only administered the poison to the person who died, but also to a lady, a relative of the deceased. She was sentenced to be hanged, but this was afterward commuted to imprisonment for life. She remained in Sing Sing prison until recently, when she became insane and was transferred to Auburn. She was very beautiful, and to this day even the counsel who defended her, among whom was Martin I. Townsend, do not know her parentage for a certainty. She became known as the "Veiled Murderess" on account of her refusing to raise her veil during her trial, and on every occasion hiding her features while in Sing Sing by holding a piece of pasteboard card up to her eyes when any strange person came in her sight. There is a deal of mystery about this person. Mr. Kirkpatrick, of Albany, prison inspector, gave the writer the following singular history of a part of her conduct:

Mrs. Robinson is popularly supposed to belong to a distinguished family in Quebec, from the following circumstances: When arrested for the crime she refused to tell anything about her history, or show her features to any one if she could possibly help it. She was seen, however, by a person in Troy who thought she identified her as the daughter of Mr. William Wood, residing at Quebec, from the fact that Mr. Wood's daughter Charlotte was educated at the Willard Seminary, had married in Canada an officer of the army, had sailed for England, and her whereabouts were after a while unknown. A statement of the circumstances were published in the Troy *Times*, and this brought Mr. Wood on with a friend to see if they could identify her. Mr. Wood, at first sight, said it was not his daughter, and his friend, although seeing a resemblance, decided that Mr. Wood was right. Before leaving town, however, Mr. Wood's friend desired another interview, as a circumstance had since come to his recollection that transpired in connection with the marriage of Miss Wood that would completely settle the question. After her marriage she and her husband engaged passage to England. He was arrested for debt, and this friend became security; and, on their embarkation, he gave this friend a stone ring which he had on his finger at the time. On asking Mrs. Robinson if she recollected having seen that ring before, and of any circumstance connected with it she replied she did not. She must have lived in Quebec at one time, as she had stated to the *Times* editor and others many things about Mr. Wood's family and others in Quebec, which led Mr. Francis, editor of the *Times*, to publish some statements about the woman, and in which he bore rather hard upon Mr. Wood, as being desirous of denying his own flesh and flood, now bringing such disgrace upon his family. This led to a libel suit, not, as Mr. Wood said, to get damages, but to vindicate his conduct in freeing himself from an alleged relationship which, he said, never existed.

Nor is this all of romance connected with her history and conduct. Some time since a young lady connected with the nobility of London sailed for New York and disappeared from all traces of her friends' knowledge. She was intimate with a New York gentleman's family named Lee, with whose daughter she had visited in the family of the bishop of London. Mr. Lee, from some circumstances unknown to the writer, supposed a clew was found to the lost young lady from London in the "veiled murderess," and he visited her to ascertain the truth of the matter. Mrs. Robinson refused to see any one but her keepers. By a *ruse* of Mr. Kirkpatrick, she came into his room on being sent for, while behind the door were seated Mr. Lee, Governor Seymour, Mr. Wood, and one or two others. As she was passing out Mr. Lee thought he identified her, and at once spoke kindly to her, saying: "Emma, my child, you have friends who will do all they can for you. Cheer up, don't despond; your friends are influential and will aid you." She then fell on his neck and sobbed like a child. Her tears were very copious, and the gentleman had on a nice black coat. The minx was shamming all the time, and remarked after the interview: "Well, I guess I spoiled the old fellow's coat. He got a good slobbering from me, at any rate." These facts show how difficult is the task of identity, and how often cases arise of similarity of appearance occurring in many individuals. So completely did she act her part that Mr. Swayne, of the New York *Times*, took down her statement and resolved to publish it as a truthful one. But Mr. Lee became satisfied that she was not the lost beauty of London, and it was omitted.

Her language is that of a person of no education, and she excuses it as a habit of hers in misleading people as to her high birth and connection with families belonging to the English nobility. Still, she knows enough about high life to deceive all but the elect, and thus from the supposed fact that she has been a servant of some kind in a family of distinction. She claims to have been the victim of political intrigue as between the "Hunkers" and "Barnburners" even up to this time, which she maintains still exist; and that her friends among the former will reward any with political favors who may in any way be of use to her! She has fixed in her mind that her fate is to be poisoned, and that the employees of the asylum are making attempts to poison her in the tea or food. Thus at times she will push her plate or bowl of tea toward another at table and substitute theirs for her own. Mrs. Robinson had two children living at the time of her trial. The girl is since dead, but her son, if living, must be twenty-three years old. No one has shown any interest in her case in particular but a Mr. Johnson, who wrote from San Francisco quite regularly for two years, and asked at one time if Gov. Hoffman would pardon her. On the governor's answer that he was willing if any responsible person would take charge of her, he wrote saying that he would leave for New York on the first steamer. Since then not a word has been heard from him. It is surmised that this Mr. Johnson was her son, and may be dead. Mrs. Robinson is forty-nine years old and good-looking, and when not exciting a rebellion about the quality of the tea among her associates is quite useful, in common with others, in helping hem towels, sheets, etc.

Against Trains.

Oliver Wendell Holmes writes: Our landlady's daughter is a young lady of some pretentions to gentility. She wears her bonnet well back upon her head, which is known to all to be a mark of high breeding. She wears her trains very long, as the great ladies do in Europe. To be sure their dresses are so made only to sweep the tapestried floors of chateaus and palaces; as those odious aristocrats of the other side do not go dragging through the mud in silks and satins, but, forsooth, must ride in coaches when they are in full dress. It is true that, considering various habits of the American people, also the little accidents which the best kept sidewalks are liable to, a lady who has swept a mile of them is not exactly in such a condition that one would care to be her neighbor. But confound the make-believe women we have turned loose in our streets! Where do they come from? Not out of Boston parlors, I trust. Why there isn't a beast or a bird that would drag its tail through the dirt in the way these creatures do their dresses. Because a queen or duchess wears long robes on great occasions, a maid of all work or a factory girl thinks she must make herself a nuisance by trailing about with her—pah! that's what I call getting vulgarity into your bones and marrow. Making believe what you are not is the essence of vulgarity. Show over dirt is the one attribute of vulgar people. If any man can walk behind one of these women and see what she rakes up as she goes, and not feel squeamish, he has got a tough stomach. I wouldn't let one of 'em into my room without serving them as David served Gaul at the cave in the wilderness—cut off his skirts, sir, cut off his skirts. Don't tell me that a true lady ever sacrifices the duty of keeping all about her sweet and clean to the wish of making a vulgar show. I won't believe it of a lady. There are some things that no fashion has a right to touch, and cleanliness is one of those things. If a woman wishes to show that her husband or father has got money which she wants and means to spend, but doesn't know how, let her buy a yard or two of silk and pin it to her dress when she goes out to walk, but let her unpin it before she goes into the house.

A Dog on Duty.

When the "Spankers" were in the Crimea, a large dog, I don't exactly know of what breed, but universally admired for beauty and intelligence, attached himself to that particular corps. Wherever the regiment marched, he invariably accompanied the troopers. Several times he went into action, and was once seriously wounded with the point of a lance. It would have been universally regretted had poor Luffin's wound proved fatal. One of the farriers undertook to dress it, so that, with a little care, he soon got well again. Where the dog came from, or who was his original owner, nobody knew. He would never follow an individual soldier beyond the barrack gates, however kindly he might be invited; but when the men were in full dress, whether mounted or on foot, provided they went out in a body, Luffin insisted on taking up his proper position. One thing was very remarkable—he had sufficient discernment to enable him to distinguish a "church parade" from any other. He never showed any desire to attend public worship.

At the beginning of his military career he had to pick up his living as best he could. He was accustomed at meal times to go from hut to hut, or among the tents, when the men were under canvas. In some of these habitations he met with good treatment and a supply of food, but from others he was not unfrequently summarily and ignominiously ejected. However, Luffin, in course of time, was allowed regular rations at the regimental expense, toward which all the members of the corps contributed a share, from the colonel to the drummer. The noble animal must have been aware of his promotion, for it was observed that he never went "a-begging" after. One of Luffin's marks of high intelligence I cannot personally vouch for, but I have been assured of its truth. It was said and generally believed that he was in the constant habit of visiting the sentries during the night, especially in the Crimea, to see if the men were at their post and on the alert. The reader must be told that, during a campaign, the troops are often so much harassed and fatigued that sentries will occasionally fall asleep as they stand—an act, however, which is looked upon as one of the gravest of military offenses. If Luffin found a man asleep, he sat before him in silence; but the slightest sound of approaching footsteps was sufficient to make him apprise the sleeper of the danger to which he was exposed. He would then trot off to the next post, where he scarcely halted if convinced that all was well. I am glad to be able to record the fact, that his faithful services, in due time, obtained for Luffin the respect of every member of the corps. It would have been a high misdemeanor to offer him indignity.

The Episcopal bishop of Nebraska and Dakota has directed prayer to be made in all the churches of his diocese, morning and evening, until harvest, for deliverance from the grasshopper plague, and the Governor of Missouri has ordered a day of fasting and prayer for the same purpose.

THE HOLYOKE CHURCH DISASTER.

Scenes and Incidents of the Terrible Calamity.

As the French Catholics were celebrating the feast of Corpus Christi at their church at South Holyoke, Mass., the altar adornments caught fire from a lamp, and the flames spread with great rapidity. The church was filled to repletion, and the crowd were instantly panic struck and a grand rush was made for the doors. The people piled one above another until the doors were filled up, thus preventing egress. A few escaped by the windows, and a few by the rear entrance. The flames spread with lightning speed; scores were burned to death. The alarm was quickly spread and the fire department were soon on the ground; but the church was built of wood, and a mere shell. It was soon wraped in flames, and the poor unfortunates who were not suffocated in the pile that was crowded in the doors were burned to death. Those nearest the outside were dragged out, some dead and others badly burned.

The place where the greater number of deaths occurred was at the door near the foot of the gallery stairs. In coming down the stairs they pushed with such force as to throw those in advance down, and others fell on the top of them. Many were taken out from this place alive. After the firemen had driven back the flames, the sisters of charity were quickly present and did noble work in caring for the wounded.

Language is powerless to express the horrible sights disclosed in removing the dead and mutilated bodies from the building. Bystanders and firemen worked bravely, but the dead bodies removed far outnumbered the living. A corner of the gallery, which fell without being demolished, was piled full of mangled and dismembered bodies. On the grounds and open spaces surrounding the church for half a mile in area the scene was heartrending. Mothers, children and friends were searching among the crowd for friends who, it was feared, were among the lost. All over the mounds and sandbanks back of the church groups of terror-stricken people were gathered about some poor moaning sufferer. In one hollow twenty-five bodies of the dead and dying lay together. One poor girl lingered for an hour while stranger after stranger passed up trying to identify her, and at length a brother came in time to see her breathe her last. Another, who had escaped from the church, was crying piteously that her father, mother and all of her family had perished.

One family of four were in the church and all were killed. Many were pulled out by the arms and feet so badly burned that they lived but a few hours, the flesh peeling off on being touched. Some were taken out with scarcely any flesh remaining on their bodies. One girl escaped from the gallery by jumping on the back of a man, who carried her out, while her sister who was with her was burned.

A young woman beat out one of the window frames and jumped to the ground in safety. An old woman of sixty went to the same opening, and hesitating to jump she was pulled inside by the hair by a brutal fellow; he jumped clear and she fell and was seriously injured. Of a family of five, four got out alive. One little girl of twelve years being burned, was tearfully sought by her little brother, and at last discovered dead. This incident moved many persons. Within a short time of the disaster sixty-six bodies were taken from the building.

What Came of a Smoke.

Mr. and Mrs. James Gillen, a couple well advanced in years, reside in their own house in Reed street, Brooklyn. Mr. Gillen owns three or four small houses in the neighborhood, and the rents from these afford him a sufficient income to live upon without engaging in any business.

The only drawback to the happiness of the old couple was an asthmatical affection with which they were both affected. Like thousands of other sufferers they had tried the thousand and one remedies recommended, but had found very little relief. The old gentleman, however, found some little relief in smoking, so he persuaded his wife to try his remedy. She consented, and he purchased two new clay pipes and a paper of tobacco. The old gentleman had somehow forgotten the effect of smoking upon a person not accustomed to it, nor did it occur to him until he saw a pallor overspreading his wife's face. As she dropped the pipe and staggered to the lounge, it just occurred to him that the tobacco was the cause of it. The agony she suffered caused him to roar.

Mrs. Gillen next had an internal disturbance, and the old gentleman found it necessary to hold her head and perform other kind and affectionate duties for the next half hour, which the occasion required. The old lady between her gasps for breath poured a shower of abuse on the old man, denouncing him as an old brute, and charged him with having tried to poison her. He could not keep from laughing at the ludicrous faces which the old lady made at each spasm. This only tended to aggravate the old lady, and she finally declared that she would get a divorce. That as soon as she was able to get out she would consult a lawyer.

A lady living in the upper part of the house, who was called down during the old lady's sickness, thought it was too good to keep and so told the neighbors.

An Old Settler.

"I'm an old settler here, and I'm sorry," said a prisoner in the Detroit police court, a man nearly sixty years of age.

"What did you take?" asked the court.

"Whisky straight."

"Don't come here again, old man. If old men like you and I go on a spree, what can be expected of the younger ones? I've lived in this world a full half century, and I've found that there's nothing like cold water for a steady drink. You can go. Bijah will hunt up your missing coat tail and hat, and it's all right if you don't come again."

Walkee Tlough the Lye.

A CHINESE SONG.

Spose man lun slam-bang flont of gal
Walkee tlough the lye;
Spose man make kissee pidgin gal,
What fo' sly?
Evly man pickee up some gal,
Speakee all loun' no got mi;
All same lookee so evly gal loun' my way
Walkee through the lye.

Detroit Free Pressings.

HAD RIGHTS.—The other day as a woman was crossing Gratiot street a team brushed her so closely that she fell down. The driver halted and asked if she were hurt, adding: "You ought to know more than to walk in the middle of the street." "I had, eh?" she yelled, in a shrill voice, as she brushed the dust from her apron; "well, I want you to understand, sir, that I've got just as much right in the road, sir, as any old red hoss which was ever harnessed up, sir!"

SHE COULD.—An old lady, riding on a street car yesterday, took a clay pipe and tobacco from her pocket, and after filling the pipe and borrowing a match, she leaned back for a smoke. The conductor entered the car, tapped her on the shoulder, and said: "You can't smoke in here." "I know it's a leetle crowded," she replied, as she looked up, "but I'm used to travelin' and I guess I can put up with it!" She was allowed to finish her pipe.

WANTED IT TO COUNT.—A half-drunken fellow, armed with a club, came out of a saloon on Jefferson avenue, and as he brandished his weapon around he yelled: "I'm a-going to kill some one!" An elderly man, who looked as if he had experienced a great deal of suffering, halted and asked: "Have you any particular choice whom you kill?" "No, sir—find me some one!" was the answer. "Well, I don't encourage murder," continued the oldish man, "but if you must kill some one I hope you'll knock over a tar and gravel roofer that promised to roof my house before that last shower!"

UTILIZING BAD LANGUAGE.—Yesterday afternoon a man who had been beaten in a lawsuit stood at the corner of Griswold street and Justice alley and cursed high and low. He was spouting away in vehement tones when a lawyer asked: "Are you swearing at anybody in particular?" "No, blast you, no!" ripped the man. "Well, it's too bad to have all that wasted. I wish you would use a few of the biggest and best oaths on Hannibal Hamlin, the man who raised the rates on postage." The man gave it to Hamlin right and left for eleven minutes, and then the police interfered.

The Largest Farm in the World.

This is rather a large claim to make, even in this country where real estate lies around in parcels of considerable size, but according to the St. Louis *Republican* it may be fairly applied to the estate of Geo. Grant, of the Victoria colony in Kansas. His farm embraces the whole county of Ellis, is larger than any dukedom of Europe, and contains 576,000 acres. Mr. Grant devotes himself principally to stock raising, and has accomplished a great deal by the introduction of the best blooded stock and exhibiting the best methods of rearing, feeding and improving the foreign and domestic breeds of horses, cattle and sheep. He has just wintered 7,000 sheep, with a loss of less than one per cent., the secret of his success lying in providing good shelter. He is the owner of the thoroughbred stallion Flodden, valued at $25,000, the father of which won the Derby race in 1860. He has just purchased for his farm thirty odd brood mares in Ohio, Virginia and Kentucky, and he has $250,000 invested in stock. Among the large number of resident colonists and stock raisers who have purchased land of him, and are now raising stock in Victoria colony, are many young men of prominence, both in this country and England. The Hon. Walter Maxwell, younger son of Lord Herries of Everingham park, Yorkshire, England, owns two sections, and is comfortably settled down to the healthful life of the ranchero. Then there are three bachelor sons of a Derbyshire clergyman, and the nephew of the Earl of Winchelsea, who is now on his way over from England to take up his home here.

An Indignant Schoolma'am.

Righteous indignation is always proper, but one should be sure, first, that there is something worth getting angry at. An exchange tells this yeast story, and wittily styles it an example of a lady who "rose too quickly"—like over-leavened bread:

She saw in the hands of one of her scholars a suspicious-looking piece of tinsel paper, such as comes around tobacco; and the use of the weed being on the increase among her boys, she seized the propitious moment, and in an instant there rushed through her brain whole folios of sermons if they could have had expression. With the paper in her hand, she sternly demanded:

"Is this yours?"

"Yes'm."

"Do you use what comes in such papers as these?"

"Yes'm."

"What is it!" then asked the teacher, bringing all things to a focus.

"Yeast, ma'am!"

The boy's mother was in the habit of using the condensed yeast, which comes in small cakes, thus inwrapped.

One of Matt. Carpenter's Notes.

Ex-Senator Carpenter has addressed a card to the Milwaukee *News*, in which he refers to the newspaper clamor over his appearance in defense of the whisky ring. He announces that he is practicing law, and regards it as a duty to accept retainers in all cases, civil or criminal. He continues: "I shall therefore accept the duty of defending such persons, charged with any offense, as may wish to employ me, whether charged with larceny, perjury, forgery, murder, or treason; and my present impression is—though I should want more time to consider it—that I should even defend an editor sued for libel."